

## Coversation - Version I

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Category: X-Men

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 1999-03-12 08:00:00

Updated: 1999-03-12 08:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 10:55:59

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 5,736

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Gambit advises Bishop on Storm, while Rogue advise Storm on men.

## Coversation - Version I

Conversations - Version 1 by Linda McWray

----- Conversation between  
Gambit and Bishop -----

Spin-Off of "Always, His Woman" takes place the morning after Gambit and Rogue's first date - after Wolverine takes off in Gambit's car for a joy ride and before Rogue gets hurt in the Danger Room.

----- This was the time of  
day that Gambit loved. It was late morning at the X-Mansion, that meant that he had free time to do whatever he wanted until his scheduled time in the Danger Room came up. He had been so anxious to see Rogue that morning that he'd switched his mini team's session with some of the others until later.

Rogue. Just the thought of her brought shivers up and down his spine. He smiled as he thought of how they'd made love over and over the night before. She was totally responsive and completely giving. 'Jis like I knew she would be, if giv'in de chance. He smiled again, "Whew!"

Wolverine had brought his car back from his little joy ride he'd taken. Gambit surveyed it. It did not look any worse for wear. That was the payment Logan had wanted for his part in sabotaging the stove so all the others could go out to dinner. Small price ta pay for even'in of pleasure, smiled Gambit.

He had just enough time to give it a good washing before he was to meet the others in the Danger Room. So Remy busied himself with gathering up the things he needed from the garage in order to wash it properly. He went over the mental checklist in his head; bucket, a couple of sponges, sudsing agents and de extended hose pipe dat reached from de side spicket of de garage ta where I have parked de car.

Gambit had just finished rinsing the car off of excess dirt, when he spotted Bishop heading in his direction. "Good, I could use ano'tha pair of hands." He reached down into the bucket to retrieve one of the soap soaked sponges. He slapped the sponge down on the hood and began to rub in a circular motion.

Bishop came closer to where he was washing. He stood off to oneside so he would not get in Gambit's way. "Wha' can I do ya pup?" Asked Gambit.

"Can I talk to you about something?" He asked nervously as he linked and unlinked his fingers in front of him.

Gambit looked at him closely, "Ya alraht Bish? Ya don' look so good."

Bishop looked around to see if anyone else was near that might overhear them. He came closer to Gambit and whispered, "I need advice," then he stood back.

Gambit stopped rubbing on his car. He tossed the sponge he was using back into the bucket. Dis must be serious. He leaned against the car with his arms folded facing where Bishop stood in front of him. "What's got ya so flustered?"

Bishop came close enough to lean on the car beside Gambit with his hands in his pockets. "Not a what, a who."

Gambit squinted at him. Dis is so unlike Bishop to be caught off guard and nervous. Must be a woman ..... Stormy! He chuckled, "Stormy knocked ya for de loop last night Eh?"

Bishop looked at him sternly, "I don't see what's so funny about this?" He got up from leaning on the car, preparing to leave.

Gambit chuckled more, "I'm sorry Bish." He put a hand on his arm to stop him from leaving. "Come back her', I sorry." Gambit made a straight face at him to show him that it wouldn't happen again. "I promise not to laugh anymore."

"Promise?"

"Promise." He made a gesture like he was crossing his heart and hope to die if he went back on his word. "Now tell me what happened on your date, I wan' details." Gambit rubbed his hands together in anticipation of the juicy news.

Bishop leaned back on the car, in the same spot he was at earlier, while he regaled Gambit with the details of his and Storm's date. He told him about everything, up until the part about their walk on the beach.

"Don' not'ing sound bad 'bout any of dat Pup, wha' is your problem?"

"I know, I know, it gets better or worse, depending on which way you look at it," he explained.

Gambit arched his brow, "Really? How?"

"When we walked to the upper end of the beach....." he hesitated. "I....." he hesitated again. "I kissed her."

"Good for ya Pup." Gambit slapped him on the back in congratulations.

Bishop shook his head, No. "You don't understand, I mean I really, really kissed her."

"Ya leaving out details Pup. Fill in de blanks."

Gambit watched the different emotions play across Bishop's face as he struggled to find the right words to explain to him what had happened.

Bishop focused his eyes down at his feet. "I mean lips and hands were everywhere, clothes were being pulled off." He stopped to take a long breath. "Wheewww! I mean ... kissed her," he said as he looked back at Gambit whose mouth was now hanging open.

He quickly shut it back up. "Woe! Dat's some kiss Pup, even by my standards." He put his hands into his jeans pockets and leaned on the car facing Bishop who looked totally bewildered. He brought his brows together as he thought, I wonder did dey? "Ya and she didn't? Ya and she did?" He asked anxiously.

Bishop shook his head, No. "No we didn't, but she wanted to." He admitted.

"Yeah, how ya know dat?"

"She told me and she didn't try to stop me. As a matter of fact, she was the one who started undressing me." He put his hand over his eyes in embarrassment.

"Wow!" Gambit was amazed by what Bishop had revealed to him. "Stormy got a new attitude!"

Bishop dropped his hand from his face, "I'll say."

"I'll have ta speak ta her 'bout tak'in advantage of my lit'le boy." He teased.

Bishop was infuriated. "You tell anyone about this or let her know I told you about this, I'll strangle you!" He put his hands together to demonstrate how he would accomplish this task.

Gambit laughed, "I jis teas'in Pup. I would not dream of it." He patted him on the back again for assurance. "Bishop, what is your problem? Everyone should have your problem."

"The problem is ... the problem is ... is that I ... I am in love with her." He finally got out.

"What?" Exclaimed Gambit. "Pup ya 'jis started going out, how can dis be?"

"From in the future, my future. All the stories you told me about the

X-Men and about her. I've been in love with her for seems like forever." He admitted. "Can you possibly imagine how it is for me to finally meet the woman of my dreams, the love of my life, to find out she wants me too, but only as a sex object?"

Gambit scratched his head. A Sex Object? "What's your point? I'm still try'in ta see de problem."

Bishop exhaled a long breath. "The problem is that I want more." He explained. "I want her to feel the same about me that I do her before anything else can happen."

Gambit gave him a side ways glance. Dis my child from the future? Boy, I must have changed. "Wha' ya gon'na do Pup?"

"I don't know, cold showers and plenty of exercise." He grimaced at the thought.

Gambit laughed, "Dat don' work." He chuckled. "It jis deadens t'ings for a lit' while, den it comes raht back."

"Well I guess I can avoid her."

"Dat don' work neither. If you stay away from her, ya only gon'na wan' her more when ya do see her." He shook his head. "Have ya talked wit' her?"

"Yes."

"And?" He gestured for him to continue.

"She agreed to try it my way for a while."

"Good." Gambit paused. "Ya did not tell her yet ya loved her did ya? Because dat would scare her off."

"No, I didn't tell her."

"Good."

Bishop looked at him, "Any suggestions?"

"Let me t'ink." Gambit brought one of his hands up under his chin to rest on as he thought about Bishop's situation.

"Remy?"

"Shssssh, I'm t'ink'in," he told Bishop.

Bishop looked all around the grounds while Gambit thought of an answer to his problem.

"I got it!" Exclaimed Gambit.

"Yeah, what?"

"Court her."

"What?"

"Court her. Send her flowers, by her presents, take her out, but behave yourself when ya do, but court her."

"That's it?" Bishop didn't sound too convinced.

"Trust me, it will work."

"Court her ..... Hummm." He pondered. "Court her."

"I know Stormy, if ya wan' her ta fall in love wit' ya, ya gon'na have'ta court her."

"O.K. I'll try it your way, but what do I do in the meantime. It's not going to be easy for me living in the same house as she."

"Ya cross dat bridge when ya come ta it Pup. Stop invent'en problems."

Bishop watched as Gambit opened the side car door. It raised up in it's characteristic vertical manner to allow him to retrieve something from inside. "Here." He handed Bishop his cellular phone. "Order some flowers, pink roses dere her favorite." Gambit paused. "On second t'ought, order dem for tomorrow, she be expect'in some'thin like dat today. Dis will throw her off." He smiled.

Bishop took the phone. "Court her." Gambit's words echoed in his head as he place an order for a dozen and a half pink roses to be delivered to the mansion upon the next day.

Gambit stood in front of him with a smile from ear to ear as he thought of how this would work in Bishop's favor. "I hope this works Remy." He handed Gambit back the phone.

"Oh, it will, but ya can't stop wit' 'jis de flowers. Take her out, write her poetry, ... court her."

"Take her out where? Write poetry, how?" Bishop was totally confused.

"It don' matta where you take her as long as ya spend time together. Your poems don't have ta be as good as Shakespeare, 'jis say wha's on your heart. Court her."

"I get where you are coming from now, as long as it is from my heart, she'll love it." Bishop smiled at him. "Remy, you are one piece of work."

"Ya may bow now before greatness." Gambit made a mock impression of a King receiving his subjects.

"Would you settle for my helping finish cleaning your car?" Bishop smiled at his incorrigible father.

Gambit walked over to where the bucket with the two sponges was sitting on the ground. He reached in and pulled out one of the sponges, tossing it to Bishop. He caught it in mid air. "Yelp, get ta rubbin."

Bishop did as he was told.

----- Conversation between  
Rogue and Storm -----  
Spin-Off of "Always, His Woman" takes place the morning after Gambit  
and Joseph's fight after chapter 18.

----- According to the  
duty roster, it was Rogue's and Storm's day to prepare meals for  
everyone that lived in the X-Mansion. This suited Rogue just fine.  
She would have a lot of free time on her hands now that Remy had been  
confined to his room for a week as punishment for his and Joseph's  
fighting. When will that boy learn? She smiled as she thought of how  
Gambit was always into one thing or another.

She gazed out of the kitchen window in front of her remembering how  
Joseph had looked when she saw him. It had terrified her because she  
just knew if Joseph looked that bad that Gambit must have been near  
death after Joseph would've finished pulling the iron out of his  
blood. To her relief, Gambit had gotten the better of Joseph and  
wasn't in near bad shape as he was. Fool could've been killed. Boy,  
he must have been mad tah be able tah do that much damage tah Joe.

Storm's opening and closing the refrigerator brought her back from  
deep thought. "Hi Ororo." She turned toward the refrigerator just as  
Storm was about to close it.

"Hi Rogue," she said as she walked up to her. "What shall we fix for  
lunch today?"

"I don't know, lets keep it simple. Maybe a salad of some type?"  
Asked Rogue.

"That's a good idea. I noticed Sam has brought in a couple bushels of  
fresh vegetables." She pointed to the buckets that were sitting on  
the opposite counter top.

"Really, let's see what's in it," said Rogue. Storm spread out  
newspaper she found underneath the cabinet out on a nearby counter  
top. Rogue emptied the contents of the two buckets onto the paper.

"Well, we have all that we shall need." There was lettuce, tomatoes,  
cucumbers, radishes and carrots. Along with the potatoes, corn and  
different melons.

"We just need these things," Rouge said as she began separating the  
items for the garden salad.

Both ladies began preparing the vegetables for the salad. Storm  
washed them while Rogue chopped and sliced, placing everything in a  
large salad bowl.

"Rogue, how is Remy? I have not seen him since the other afternoon  
when I was trying to get him and Joseph to stop fighting. How's he  
taking his punishment?" She asked.

Rogue briefly halted her chopping, then said, "Storm, he's bouncing  
off the walls. When I left him, he was exercising, doing push-ups, by  
the foot of his bed with earphones on listening to music." She  
sighed. "Ah don't know what to do about him. He could've been killed  
by Joseph." Rogue studied her next statement, "Storm, how did he

manage tah get the upper hand on Joseph?"

Storm chuckled a little, "He made it a fair fight, plus he was furious. I have never seen anyone that could take him when he was mad enough."

"Well that explains it. Don't get me wrong, Ah love him with all mah heart, but Ah 'jis could'na picture him beating Joe the way he did. Ah'm glad he wasn't hurt that bad." She started back chopping.

"If I were you, I would not let him know you felt that way. I might not know that much about men, but I do know that confidence is a delicate thing. You take that away from him and he is left with nothing," advised Storm.

"Ah hear ya."

Rogue studied the bowl where she'd been placing the ingredients, "Yah know, this thing needs cheese and eggs." She left the table to go find what she needed in the refrigerator.

Storm paused in the middle of washing a cucumber, "Rogue, may I speak to you about something?"

"Sure thing sugah," called out Rogue from the refrigerator where she was trying to juggle the cheese in one hand and the carton of eggs in the other. She kicked the refrigerator closed with one of her feet before coming back to the table.

"It is of a personal nature," admitted Storm.

Rogue froze in place because she knew Storm was going to ask her about seeing her coming out of Remy's room the other night.

"It is about the other night," said Storm.

Oh boy here it comes. "What about it Storm?" asked Rogue from the stove where she was placing the eggs into a pot of water.

"I find that I need advice on men and .... relationships," said Storm

"Those are broad subjects Storm. Ah might not be the one tah ask since Remy and I 'jis started being a couple." She said as she came back to the table to grate the cheese.

Storm brought the vegetables that she'd been cleaning over to the table where Rogue was grating. She place them on the table then began slicing and chopping. "True but he's been courting you for a long time."

Rogue smiled, "Yeah, yah got that right. Boy put the 'persist' in persistence. Ah like that about him." Her smile broaden as she thought about how over time, Remy was always after her. Then it occurred to her, "This ain't about me and Remy, is it Storm?"

She dropped her head, "No it is not."

"It's about Bishop and You ain't it?"

"Yes." Storm said shyly.

Rogue was so excited that she put down the grater that she was using, made Storm put down her knife that she was using, grabbed her by the hands and almost drug her to one of the chairs near by. "Sit, sit." she said as she pulled out two chairs, one for each of them.

After they both had taken their seat, "Well?" Rogue prompted.

"Well what?" asked Storm.

"Land's a mercy gal, Ah want details. Don't keep me in suspense for e'vah!" Rogue was about to burst. She had wanted to ask Storm about her and Bishop's date but didn't know how to go about it. But now the opportunity was staring her in the face, she couldn't pass it up.

Storm still hesitated. "Aw c'mon gal. Yah tell me and Ah'll tell yah 'bout Remy's and me's."

"Knowing Remy, I know what happened on your's and his date Rogue." Stated Storm flatly.

"Well yah said you needed advice. Yah gon'na half'ta tell me something or else Ah want be able to advise yah?" She reasoned.

"All right," agreed Storm. She exhaled a long breath. "We went to a charming little place by the river name Rotelli's."

"Rotelli's? Oh yeah, Remy's taken me there a time or two. Ah love their spaghetti and meatballs. What yah have?"

"The vegetable lasagna. It was delicious."

"Ah'll half'ta try it the next time Gambit and Ah go." Rogue broke out into a smile. "Ah'll 'jis bet the Rotelli's had a fit over Bish hav'in a date?" She laughed.

"You can say that again. They embarrassed him completely." She joined in with Rogue's laughter. "Anyway," said Storm, "Dinner was fine. We exchanged small talk about different subjects of interest."

"Good. So what do yah need advice about?"

Storm played with a nearby carrot that was laying on the table in front of her. "We went for a walk on the beach afterwards."

Rogue smiled, "OOooo! The plot thickens."

"It was a beautiful night. The stars, moon and the warm ocean breeze, ... we walked for quite a while."

"Yeah?"

Storm looked away, "I was caught up in the romantic surroundings."

"Yeah, yeah?" Urged Rogue.

Storm looked back at an eager Rogue, "I practically made him kiss me."

"What? Storm, Ah can't see anyone making Bish do anything that he didn't want tah do himself."

"I mean I gave him so many messages and innuendoes, that he couldn't help himself."

"Oh. Wow! How was it?"

Storm placed her chin in the palm of her hand as her elbow rested on the table. She gazed into nothing as she took one long breath, "It was beautiful, glorious and breath taking." Then she looked back at Rogue. "I got so caught up in him and the way he made me feel that I wanted to ... I wanted to..."

Rogue shook her head in disbelief. "No! Yah didn't? Did yah?"

"No," she paused. "But it is not because I didn't want to. He stopped us."

"What? He stopped?" This can't be a child of Remy's.

Storm drooped her head low, "I never been more mortified in all my life."

Rogue grabbed Storm by the arm, "Wait a minute ... mortified over a kiss? Yah leav'in something out sugah."

Storm shook her head Yes. "I ..., I mean we sort of got carried away on the beach."

"Really." Rogue sat up in her chair. "How carried away?"

"Let us just say we could have been arrested," she cleared her throat, "... for indecent exposure."

"Hot Damn!" Rogue jumped up and down in her chair with excitement. "That's great!" She exclaimed.

"Yes, but I was still embarrassed that he stopped us."

"Why on earth, why?"

"Rogue I haven't felt like this in a long time. I finally find someone that makes my pulse race and my heart ache, and he turns me down. I have never been so hurt and so mad in all my life. It rained on us all the way back here from the beach."

"Really? Ah didn't notice." Rogue winked at Storm.

"Anyway, when we got back here, he explained to me why he stopped us. He said that he wanted more than a roll in the sand for me and from me. He said I was worth more." She gave a long sigh.

"Oh Storm, that's beautiful." Who would've thought Bishop was a romantic.

"Yes I agree that it was, but try telling my hormones that."

"Storm!"

"I can not help it Rogue. Every time I see him ... well you know ..."

"Wow gal! Slow down!" Rogue fanned her hand at her as if trying to cool her down.

"Now do you see my problem?" Asked Storm.

Rogue gave her a side ways glance. She just could not believe what she was hearing. Storm wanted to vamp Bishop. "Did he give yah any indication of when ya'll would finally ... yah know?"

"No, but he did say that we would eventually and heaven help us when we did."

"Woe!" Rogue leaned back in her chair. "Ah'm shure glad Remy and me knew from the start what we wanted." She leaned forward to place a gloved hand on Storm's hand. "Yah poor thing. This must be torture."

"Yes, it is, for both of us ... got any suggestions?" Asked Storm.

"The only way Ah see it, yah have two choices. Number one: yah can seduced him before he's ready, have six months of mind-numbing sex and burn out what little relationship you do have or Number two: yah can take things at his pace, wait 'til yah both ready and make love fore'vah."

"That is sort of vague Rogue, I do not see a down side to either choice you have just stated."

She shook her head. No. "No it isn't vague ... well yeah it is sort of. Yah need tah look at the 'big picture' gal. Bishop is a strong, gentle and sensitive man." Storm raised her brows at her. "Yeah, I know, he is always toting around some plasma rifle, but that is more of habit then of need now. He also feels very deeply about all of us. He wants tah protect us." Storm nodded in agreement. "Storm, a man like that yah don't find often. If a man like that was tah e'vah fall deep for yah, he'd move heaven and earth for yah."

Storm laughed.

Rogue looked puzzled, "What's so funny?"

Storm smiled, "He told me as much to a certain degree."

Rogue smiled. "There yah have it. Ah also suspect that ther'sa no'tha reason he's holding back besides chilvary."

"Like what?"

"Ain't for me tah say, he'll tell yah in his own good time." She patted Storm on the arm before she got out of her seat.

Storm was more confused then ever. If only her brain, heart and

libido were in sink. That would be too simple and who said life was simple. She let Rogue's words circle around in her head, Wait on him ... take things at his pace ... make love forever. She robotically got up from the table, went back to the sink and started washing more vegetables.

Rogue watched her. "Storm are you alraht sugah?"

"Hum?" She broke her concentration to look at Rogue. "I am fine Rogue. I am contemplating what you said. Thank you for the good advice." She smiled.

The front doorbell rang. "I will get that," she said as she dried her hands. She walked off in the direction of the front door. She absently left the water running full blast at the sink.

Rogue put down what she was doing to go turn the water off. "Hummm, if'in Storm's in this bad of shape ... Ah wonder how's Bish do'in?"

Storm opened the front door just as it rang again. She was greeted by a large bouquet of pink roses in a lovely vase with a giant pink ribbon tied at the throat of the vase. They were the most beautiful roses she'd ever seen.

"Delivery for Ororo Munroe," said the young man from behind the flowers.

She almost squealed, "I am she."

"Where do you want them lady?"

She opened the door more for him to come in. "You can place them on the coffee table." Her eyes glowed with excitement. "Who are they from?" She asked him as he carefully put the flowers down where she'd told him.

"I just deliver them lady." Now that he did not have the flowers in the way, he could get a good look at Storm. WOW! He thought as he handed her to clipboard to sign. She's beautiful, whoever the fella is, he's a lucky devil, he acknowledged to himself.

She reached into her back pocket to give him a tip.

"Nope, already taken care of ma'am." He tipped his hat to her. "Good day ma'am."

"Good day." Storm said as she bend down to smell one perfect bloom. "And thank you," she smiled to him as he left out the front door.

I must let Rogue see these. She picked the flowers up to carry them into the kitchen.

"Oh mah word!" Exclaimed Rogue. "Storm are those for you?"

"Yes."

"Well who are they from." As if Ah didn't know.

"I have not looked." Storm placed the vase on the other side of the

table.

Rogue came to stand beside her. This has Remy written all over it.  
"Well see what the card says before Ah explode."

Storm retrieved the card from the big pink ribbon and opened it.  
----- Conversation between  
Storm and Bishop (Happy)  
----- The smile on Storm's  
face broaden as she read the card. Rogue knew it had to be from  
Bishop from her reaction.

"They are from Bishop." She confirmed.

"Yeah! What's he say?"

Storm smile, "He says:

My Dearest Ororo, The beauty of these flowers pale in comparison to  
your beauty. Please do me the honor of accompanying me out to a movie  
on Friday night?

Sign: Bishop

PS: I'm in the living room waiting for your answer. "

Rogue jumped up and down as she squealed. "Man that's smooth!"

Storm was totally blown away. It was all she could do to cover her  
mouth to keep from squealing like Rogue was doing. Her eyes filled  
with water. Tears of joy streamed down her face. "Oh my," she choked.

"Well just don't stand there, go give him yah answer," urged Rogue.

"But lunch?"

"Ah can manage until yah ge back. Now scoot!"

Storm nodded to Rogue. She dried her hands and her face on some paper  
towels she found hanging over the sink. Then she straightened her  
clothes. "How do I look? She asked Rogue.

"Yah look find Storm, stop stalling and go!" Rogue walked up to her  
and gently pushed her in the direction of the kitchen door that  
opened to the large hallway. "Oh wait!" She called out to Storm.  
Rogue trotted back to the table to retrieve one of the roses. She  
tossed it to Storm. "Here ... for effect."

Storm smiled to her as she caught the long stem of the thornless  
rose. Then she left for the living room.

Bishop was standing in the middle of the living room waiting for her  
when she walked out of the hallway into the side entrance of the  
room.

Boy, she takes my breath away! He thought as he watched her come into  
the room toward him where he stood. She's carrying one of the roses

... that's a good sign.

"Hello Bishop."

"Hello Ororo."

"I thought perhaps you had forgotten about me. I have not seen as much of you as I would like in the past couple of days."

"I am sorry Ororo, I've been busy helping Cyclops with keeping Gambit and Joseph separated, plus we have been designing a new DNA security system for the mansion and its grounds. This is the first chance I have had to get back to you. My apologies." He bowed to her at his waist. The action always caused his hair to fall over his right shoulder.

He watched as Storm absently reached up with her free hand to push the long black locks back from his chest to behind his shoulder and back.

The urge to grab her around her waist was strong. "You're doing it again."

"What?" She asked innocently with a wry smile.

"You know perfectly well what I'm talking about, so don't play coy with me." He smiled down to her as he took a step closer.

She blushed and lowered her gaze.

He put one finger under her chin to raise her face back up. "What is your answer to my question?"

"Yes, I would love to go out with you on Friday evening." He was too near her for her to be able to breathe normal. "Thank you very much." She whispered.

"Ororo?" God, I have to kiss her. He kept his finger under her chin as he lowered his mouth to hers and closed his eyes.

She received his kiss willingly as she opened her mouth to let him in.

Time and space stood still around them. They were unaware of anything and everything. When the front door opened to let Wolverine, Sam and Bobby in from their morning run of the grounds, neither one of them heard it when it open or closed.

"Wow!" Said Bobby from behind Logan.

"Hey, when did they...? Asked Sam.

"Shush! Let them finish. Don't be rude. It's bad enough with us standing here," stated Logan.

All too soon for Storm, Bishop was pulling away. "We have company." He turned his head in their direction as he dropped his hand from her face.

"Oh!" Storm stepped back while she covered her mouth. She dropped her

gaze and smiled to them before she turned to go back to the kitchen. "I'll see you later?" She directed the question to Bishop.

"I'll try to get free before it gets too late."

"All right." She started to leave. "Until then," she said as she made her way back to the hallway, headed for the kitchen.

As soon as she was out of earshot, Bishop turned on the three 'looky-loos' by the front door. "Thanks a lot!" He grated at them. "Thanks a whole Hell of a lot!!"

"Bishop, I didn't know you could hold your breath that long?" Joked Bobby.

"I think it's great." Said Sam.

Bishop's temper was getting the best of him. "No one asked any of you for your opinion. It is no ones business but Ororo's and mine!!"

Wolverine put up a hand to silence any further comment the others might have to say to Bishop. "You're right Cop, but we didn't know you'd be here sucking face in the middle of the living room."

Bishop saw red at Wolverine's comment. He took a threatening step towards them.

"Wait a minute before you try to deck us all. If being with you makes Storm happy then I'm all fer it." He stuck out his right hand towards him. "Congratulations, she's a hellava woman."

Bishop temper started to subside. He looked down at Logan's hand to be sure that there weren't any claws on the receiving end. Then he accepted Wolverine's hand shake.

"I know," was all he said.

----- The End  
----- Conversations - Spoiler  
by Linda McWray

Hello, it's me again Linda McWray. I just thought I'd briefly share a few thoughts with you about my latest story "Conversations."

This story was sort of a spin-off from "Always, His Woman" combined with parts of "Feeling Like A Woman Again."

It started out to be just the first two chapters and grew from there. I still may add another chapter but I have not figure how detailed I want Bishop and Storm joining to be or if I even want to explore that avenue at all.

I just love the character of Bishop. Here we have a very strong man, in size and in will. But his love for Storm brings him back down to earth. While Storm growing love for him pulls her up to the heavens with joy and longing. "Whew!!" (Anyone got any cold water for me to throw on my face?) :-)

Anyway, my next story will be about Rogue and the other X-Women going

out for a night on the town. This story is based on actual events that occurred when I and some other girls decided we were going to take my older sister out for her birthday. All I can say about it is that I'll will be loading it soon because I have the first six chapters written already. Oh, you'll have to decide which part of it is real and which part is fiction.

Until next time, Stay cool and Peace out

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End  
file.